Fum-i-GATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 9, 1934 — Friday

HOWARD PANS CONDITIONS

Date Book Offered By Alpha Phi Gammans

President Busts Executive Board Meeting Wide Open With New Shocking Expose

LaPorte Will Descend From High Horse

Lecture Will Investigate Conditions Bared in Student Body Probe

Dr. Arnesen To Utilize Sphinx Room

Whichness of Where in Art Subject for Debate, Forum Led by Dr. F. Cave

College Actors Give Thrilling Sex Drama

Players

Daniel Comstock Baker and Phyllis Burnham in a breath-taking scene from the problem play, "The Fairies of Dingle Dell," produced by College Theatre.

Lorraine Baltor Stars in Thespians' Version of "The Fairies of Dingle Dell"

To a tremendous crowd of three people assembled in the Community Playhouse, College Theater's polished players presented that gripping, modern play on present day social conditions, "The Fairies of Dingle Dell." The stark realism of this drama exposing the horrible social conflicts of labor and capital in a fairy land struck a thrill of recognition to the audience.

The Fairy Princess of Ginsberg's Alley was played by Gabriel Lonergan, the Fairy Prince of Hell's Kitchen was portrayed by Ed Cockrum. The red-headed Gnome King, the villainous capitalist of the play, brought out the histrionic talents of Bill Connell's. Don Pidgeon gave us another of his powerful characterizations in the part of Yif-Nyaf, the gnome king's henchman. Clem Zannini played Cinderella's fairy god-mother, while Phyllis Burnham and Daniel Comstock Baker gave a most convincing performance as the lovers, Little Miss Giggle Quicks and Mr. Quacky Doodles.

Miss Lorraine Baltor as the servant bore a striking resemblance to the Phantom of the Opera. Harriet Masson played the Little Lost Waif, who was finally rescued from the clutches of the villainous gnome king by the Fairy Prince of Hell's Kitchen, Ed Cockrum.

Miss Jessie Casebolt, dramatist extraordinary, was so overcome by the success of her production that she is being held incommunicado until the amount of the deficit is learned.

Music by Lorraine Baltor.
Property Manager, Lorraine Baltor.
Prompter, Lorraine Baltor.
Business Manager, Lorraine Baltor.
Chief Electrician, Lorraine Baltor.

DEBATE COACH STRICKEN WITH "SHYINITISS"

In an exclusive interview, Mr. King, coach of English, discloses that the team's debaters hold high hopes for the success of the verbal tantamachists. "I hope to take a short trip or two to debate some nearby colleges," modestly states the debate coach.

Podunk New Goal

"After we go to Japan, over the spring week-end, we will meet the orators of Texas in a warm up. We expect a three sessions [illegible] Paris, as [illegible] We expect to take [illegible] so that on the return [illegible] Hawaii. Then [illegible] Hugh

Oxford Breeze

[illegible] for his shyness.

This is an action photo by our staff photographer of State's shrinking violet and debate coach, Mr. King.

Butler's Heroic War Record Bared

In answer to a questionnaire, Dr. Butler, State's cov jokester, revealed his heroic war record.

"I had the time of my life, flirting with pretty girls, seeing the country and lovers other things adjacent to Camp Fremont, Calif.; Camp Mills, Long Island; Camp Lee, Virginia; and Camp Dodge, Iowa. True, I did squads right and practiced with machine guns occasionally, but this never cut my style but little. I embarked for France and was on the ocean three days, but the German General Staff heard I was coming and—well the armistice was signed, and my ship turned back."—J. D. B.

Dr. Roberts on Journalism

"All state journalists are bums," stated Dr. Alexander C. Roberts.

The chances, it seems, are that the jok throwers boat, smoke, and are lazy.

Admitting the faults, claiming that they are the traits of genius, Dr. Roberts was invited to join in and—well, we'll have to peek for yourselves. Dr. Roberts is the prize genius of the journalists.

Seeh goins' ons!

BIGGER, BETTER COURSE OFFERED

In order to make the program of courses more acceptable to the student body at large, the following new courses have been added for next semester:

Sleep 102 or How to Enjoy English 57. Instructor—Miss Reid.
Apple-Polishing 1A—The History of Apple-Polishing Dr. Roy Cave.—Mr. Cox.
Humour 68B—How to know when to laugh in Mrs. Witt-Diamant's class. —Vern Whitney.
Econ 1K9—Economic Results of Birth Control among Modern Pigs.—Dr. Kinnaird.
BS 44—Biological effects of FERA work.—Rudy Rudd.
SS 970—How to walk out of classes nonchalantly.—Betty Rands.
Ed 536—The art of cutting classes.—Helen Lofrano.

STORIES:

Eugene Field once disposed of a would-be poet who had written a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?" by writing on the rejected manuscript: "Because you sent your poem by mail."

Sir James Barrie once remarked when living next door to H. G. Wells: "Yes, almost every evening through the walls I can hear Mr. Wells changing his mind." (And then they speak of women . . .?)

Anatole France never believed in the lending of a book. "For," said he, "the only books that I possess in my library are those people have lent me."

Dechent Stars In Escapade

With her skirts held daintily between her four fingers, and her shoes and stockings lying on the sidewalk near by, Clarice Dechent, State's provocative "hot-cha" baby, was observed wading in the Civic Center fountains, oblivious to all surroundings. Evidently she was trying to cool off after a party.

Tripping over her own dainty size 9's, she fell splash into the water, clothes and all. She then emitted a shriek well practiced in A Capella Choir. Dashing from his seat in the front of the public library, State's Lochinvar, Harry Marks, came sprinting to the rescue. Fortunately for State's morals, he succeeded in rescuing her.

SADISTIC CYNICISM:

No trick nor kick of fate
Can raise from me a yell;
Serene I sit and wait
For the world to go to Hell.
—Don Marquis.

Asked what he thought of State's chances over Oxford, Mr. King modestly hesitated, but on being pressed, confided, "Those chumps should be a pushover for us."

Dorothy Jean White is sure that there must have been numerous tonsorial artists centuries ago, as she is continually reading about the barbarians. At this point, we could suggest the toast to a hairdresses: "Long may she wave, before she curls up and dyes."

* * *

Borrowed from California Secretarial School "Review"—Advertisement: "Eskimo Spitz pups at $10 each."

* * *

Whenever there's a good joke in the comptroller's office, Snickersnickers-Nee.

* * *

Joke:

Binks: Who was dat lady I seen you wit last nigst?
Jinks: That was no lady that was
* * *

Editor's Note: Miss Bay was taken for a ride at this stage of the column. The funeral was held yesterday at 12.

Kinnaird Kibitzer Kringes

We love our Gater's sponsor,
He's so dashing, sweet, and bold—
He dresses like a million bucks
And never acts high-brow or cold;

We mind our own dear Doctor,
We know him well, you see,
And if you can't guess why we do,
We'll tell you sim-pl-y:

He's so gosh darn big, the brute,
He'd knock you out like—that!
And so we smile and mind him, too
Or else he'd lay us flat.

Wormous Fades of Gamous People

Epitaph: He died in college at an early age. He was a razz journalist.

* * *

New Courses for State:

Eng. 126—How to dodge ripe tomatoes during performances.

Mus. 11—How to get revenge on neighbors.

Eng. 2—English depredation.

S. S. 60—Sockiology.

P. E. 150—How to fly like a bird.

Things We've Noticed

How soon after the paper came out, the editor of this rag departed for a vacation. . . . Insects (of all descriptions) on the lawn. . . . Bandaged up noses, due to class cuts. . . . Lack of trade in the Co-op because of empty pocket books—Christmas is coming. Proximity of cinches. . . . Hot dogs after the ball is over.

Find: Name of one Prof.

"Have your pick, ardent lover," said Miss Edith, beaming with grace. We didn't think much of it either.

Sample Sil desires to know if kitchens ever get a sinking feeling.

Theme Song:

Shimkie, bellez!
Shimkie, bellez!
Clean up to the door.
Ain't it fun.
The more you eat
The less you have to comb.

Thought for the Week:

* * *

Maybe I'm Dyin

LAWRENCE MIDDLE AISLES

News Behind The News

Assemblies A curious newspaper reporter, amazed at the small attendance at the welcoming rally last Wednesday, wondered what the students' attitudes toward State assemblies are. The following answers sound natural:

Marie Hirsh: "I don't know anything about them; I never go."

Jean Reichle: "The speakers are uninteresting."

Evelyn Harris: "Churches are all right but I don't like to go to assemblies in churches."

Helen Frank: "Have we had any?"

Edith White: "Well, when they're in the gymnasium, you have to stand up, and when they're in the church, you can't hear the speakers."

Sonia Selig: "They're very important and people should not make cracks about them because when the campus is as cramped as it is, we have to get along as well as we can on what we have. I think we do very well."

Brown Dr. Sherman Brown will not give his news regular for the rest of this semester as "things that are happening are just the ordinary humdrum affairs not interesting enough to print."

Honestly

Honestly now, fellow sufferers, don't you agree with us on the following statements that have undoubtedly been made in every place or other to hael 'em up.

Caf That State's Cafeteria serves the best foods (we don't mean the mayonnaise) that has ever had the honor to tickle our tongues. We'll never give 'em a chance to get better than our tongues it will (if that be possible).

And that the service, be steel- or horse-power, not man-power, as the student's co-op is the rackbrainest take it anyway you want, or anything you want, they just won't give you service . . . but what's the odds, horses can't serve anyway . . . that is, unless there's a battle and then we have to ride the horses to death to get where we want (or where we want 'em . . .).

Polishers Now honestly, dearies, don't you think that table polishers are the sweetest, dearest, darlingest, old cats. We mean, really they are; we appreciate them 'cause it makes us feel, oh, so good.

Collitch We're sure you'll agree with us on this one. State's going to get a new collitch within (very, very, very short time . . .) after an earthquake does some more damage to dear old collitch hall, with its poignant, lingering memories. We unanimously agree that to leave this collitch would break our poor fragile hearts and really, we don't need a new building or campus; we are very satisfied with the one that has endeared itself to us throughout these many long years. Therefore, though we are sure we are going to get a new collitch, we publicly claim that we really don't want it. We're too much in love with our present habitat. (Don't you agree?)

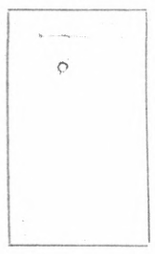

Photo of new collitch

Work We know that ALL the students agree to this one, that our sweet teachers don't give us enough work to do, especially in the science courses. High marks are such a snap that it takes all the fun out of our school days to be treated like such babies: not to be given a he-man's or a she-woman's work to do.

Another thing. (You don't have to be honest about this one, it was just one of those things.) When the "pledge" came around to be signed didn't everybody marvel how everybody else right away rushed to sign on the undotted line? Wasn't it just tremendous the way studes just clamored for more 'n more to write or sign? (Maybe they didn't want to buy scrap or note paper.)

Halls Isn't it just ducky that we have such nice narrow corridors and halls? Really it's so chummy! Everybody seems to bump into his old friends and we seem just like we're a great big family. Ah, yes, how we do love these cozy narrow halls.

Courts No, Reginald, we don't think the tennis courts are so bad; in fact, we think they're quite good; in fact, if you think about it long enough they are excellent. We really do mean to say that the tennis courts at State are just as smooth as glass and as good to play on as the best California has. Yes, sir, every stude says that it's really the sporting thing to do . . . play on our courts.

Whitewash And we suppose, we should say we believe, every stude unanimously agrees with the staff of this very truthful and honorable paper that we'd never stoop to "yellow" journalism; furthermore, everybody in this institution is sort of "off" except the staff.

RUFF-NECKS—

Amidst the throwing of papers, etc., two of State's prize ruff-necks, Fred Gugat and "Swede" Jacobson, were asked to desist from their efforts to start a paper war at the Santa Clara-Cal. football game last week.

No doubt their efforts were aided by the giant bottle of fluid sacred to Bacchus which protruded from the hip pocket of one of the modern Napoleons. Oh well, boys will be boys, you know.

New Building Flabbergasts State Studes

State students returned to school yesterday to find that that historic old antiquity, College Hall, was no more. Instead there stood a modern stucco building, three stories tall, shining white and resplendent in the sunshine.

Faculty members were amazed, students flabbergasted. In front of the new College Hall stood a score of smiling men, all garbed in overalls.

SERA Quits Loafing

Now it turned out that the three months' government work project Merriam had won' [illegible] plan that was to [illegible]

Finally . . . [illegible]

"We're the SERA [illegible]

Faculty-Students Amazed

[illegible]

No More Books

[illegible]

ATHLETES DISPLAY CHARMING MODELS

Many revolutionary modes will be presented at the men's semi-annual fashion parade tomorrow noon in the Frederic Burk auditorium. Eats will be served during this burning affair.

Ralph Nathan, clad in the new Norwegian plaid will lead the boys, followed by Charlie Eade in the very fetching black and green made represented in the charming formal evening dress now so popular among our men. The feature of the program will be a showing of a Santa Claus costume, which will be particularly interesting to those victims of circumstance who must play St. Nick to little Oswald and Sophie.

Walt Descalde will display an enchanting creation of his own, a ballet costume which he will wear at the next track meet.

All out to show have been signed by the models.

Sassiety Nuts

As a rule I am very impressed . . . I have noticed that Bill Exon spends a great deal of his time in the Publications Office. In evenings spent I have finally found the reason. There seems to be a young lady by the name of Helen Lofgren . . . T. E.

Ah, There, Shirley,

We sure enjoy the sweaters that Shirley Canning has been wearing lately. Perhaps she is perfectly justified in saying that her sister wears the holes in them, but the freshman class is so rich that she wouldn't buy her a sweater that she wouldn't have to share with her sister. (.O)

An Orchard to——?

We'd like to give an orchard to a certain little [illegible] . . . an orchard of nuts.—B. L.

Sphinx Club Puts Ideas on Library Shelf

(Note: This got in with the razz copy; maybe it's supposed to be serious, but it sounded pretty funny to us.)

Members of the Sphinx Club will please note that a research shelf has been placed at their disposal in the reserve room of the library.

Material apropos to each week's discussion will be placed on the Sphinx Club shelf, and members will be at liberty to avail themselves of such information as will enable them to participate in the forum digressions.

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MacDEVITT GROOMS BRIDE FOR WILD AISLE SPRINT

[illegible]

News! News!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Marks of the Times

He tore his hair,
teeth
He bit his nails, he was
He removed his
the
Dashed the
his eye
It ever be
now
But he wouldn't
vow
Why all this
guy
His program
eye

Note: The name
this cabalistic
somewhere in the title [illegible]

MODERNIST ART STYMIES STUDES

A display of art in the corridors of the upper hall has been arranged by the members of the art staff.

The first picture on display is the work of Miss Susan Broadcort, and is entitled, "Nature in the Raw." Next week Miss Amy Plemmons will display her masterpiece known as "A Student at Mid-term Time." Miss Cooch will discuss the pictures tomorrow morning at 6:30 in her lecture on "Art in the Garbage Trails."

Miss Evelyn Meyer will hold an open forum after the lecture so that all interested may voice their opinions of the masterpieces of State's artists.

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"Why Editors Go Mad"

[illegible]

CLARK, CROPPER FETE BIRTHDAY IN ANCESTRAL SHACK

[illegible]

CUCKOO CRACKS CATCH CURIOUS

"Tell Me That Old Old Story"

Fumigator

[illegible]

Fresh: "Ray Allee was outstanding, Saturday."

Frosh: "Yeah? I thought that he was sick, and didn't play."

Fresh: "No, he was outstanding—outstanding on the sidelines."

Hero Contest Stirs Campus Big Shots' Joy

[illegible]

[illegible]

Sphinx Wails Brief Love

[illegible]

DIS IRAE IDEUM SOBE

THRU THE KEYHOLE

[illegible]

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Gater Sports

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'Please Go 'Way, And Let Me Sleep'- Plea Of Harvey Williams

I'd Drown For Dear Old State

GORILLA CUGAT LOST IN THE WILDS

By PALE CALICO

Arlington Saves the Day

Papen Comes Back

Lade Comes To

Gater

Two Outs for Charley

Still Lost

Gets Frame, Boys Act

Papen, Was Your Face Crimson

'Harpo' Furst, State's Great Lover, Talks

CHARLEY EADE CRASHES A PARTY

By G. PUFFED RICE

Sleepy Heads

'We'll Say It On The Field, Coach,' Classic Remark Of Bragg's

By WALTER WINDSHIELD

The recent football game with Chico brings back memories of the fall of 1932, when a little band of Gaters invaded the valley city to play their first game with the Wildcats. They were in a holiday mood, those visiting collegians, and the evening before the game they were having a great time skylarking around the halls of the hotel, instead of being in their beds, as good little gridders should be, in preparation for a tough game of football on the morrow in which they were pronounced underdogs.

Fun was king—the fellows were playing a very charming little game called, "Douse the Gater," and pitchers of water were flying everywhere.

"Hawkshaw" Cox on the Job

Somehow, Coach Cox got wind (or, maybe it was spray) of the goings on. He slipped on his Hawkshaw disguise, and came tiptoeing down the hall in search of the culprits.

When he reached the scene of the "dewings," all was serenity. Things were as quiet as the inside of Tutankhamen's tomb. Too quiet, in fact, for not a snore was to be heard. Mr. Cox immediately became suspicious, for, with "Walter the Walrus" Drysdale and several other boys around who could snore "Little Annie Laurie" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" while lying on the flat of their backs, something looked fishy, to say the least.

"Hawkshaw" Awaits Developments

Mr. Cox "weighted" (you know, a la Ruth Snyder, with a sash-weight in each hand). Soon his patience was rewarded. He heard a door being stealthily opened, and then his astonished eyes beheld a stream of liquid suddenly shoot out from the open doorway, and over the transom of the door of the room opposite, where two more of his footballers were quartered.

Mr. Cox let himself down onto his heels (he had been standing on tiptoe, all this time, you remember) and collared the culprits. Who should they be, but two innocent-looking little freshmen, Ralph Nathan and Ralph Simon.

Ah! Ha! Caught in the Act

Caught "wet-handed," they offered no protest as Mr. Cox held them up before the rest of the squad as pariahs. A very sober bunch of Gaters crawled back between the sheets, thanking their gods that they were not the ones who "Cox had caught."

The upshot of the story is that the State football coach was highly perfumed, pardon us, we meant incensed, that his boys were cutting up so. The next day, before the game, he delivered what was no doubt the masterpiece of his pep talks. The air of the locker room was hot with vituperation—scathing sarcasm flowed from his nimble tongue like water over Niagara. The team felt about as big midget termites.

Bragg Speaks Up

He concluded with the remark, "Well, have any of you fellows anything to say?" The silence was sickening. You could have heard a pin drop. Then, a brave voice from the rear piped up, the voice of none other than Thomas Bragg. "We'll say it on the field, coach," he said.

Girls Get All Wet In Ocean Hike

"This is Lotta Static broadcasting near the San Francisco pier. The big procession will begin in just a few minutes.

"It is a beautiful day here, I wish all you folks could be out. The sun is shining down on us all, a cool breeze is softly fanning cheeks, and merrily floating hats out into the water—my, my, some fun. Every color of the rainbow is represented in the mass of people waiting for the appearance of the contestants.

"This broadcast is coming to you through the courtesy of the Sociated Soil Company of California—remember, next time you drive down to the country, fill your buggy with an acre of this better soil—it will add smiles to your life. The grinning dealer will gladly check your horses' hoots, or rub the lather off your chin, or off the horses' backs.

"Ah! here they are now, just a minute and we will put the microphone down on the pier so you can hear the people making noises." Eileen Norton, Marie Pratt, Marie Powell, and Marjorie Winters are slowly parading to the edge of the pier in their ducky, new bathing outfits, consisting of shingle metal trousers and shirts, brass buttons and copper helmets.

The girls plan to survey the floor of the ocean on their hike, and make reports for the social science department. They will stop at sand bars for corn chili and beer. Reservations have been made at various lighthouses for evening accommodations. They expect to reach Europe within seven days—thereby setting a new record, or something, else."

FASHION SHOW GIRLS TO PLAY "SOCK HER" GAME

W. A. A. will have its annual fashion show tomorrow at eleven on the lower field. Everyone is invited to come out. There will be a sign-up in College Hall for those who want to enter the contests. If you have a new dinner dress or just a bathing suit that you want to show off, wear it tomorrow. If you don't own, maybe your mother or your sister will lend you their new dress.

The girls will march around the field once, so that everyone will get a good look. After this, the group will fall into team formation for a game of "sock her." The "Dots" will play the "Bathing Beauties." You may sign up for either team.

"Count" Melnotsky will kick off for the "Dots." She will be dressed in a gown formal with red accessories. Miss Melnotsky's hat is the most interesting style creation. It is red with a very large brim, and has a row of yellow daffodils around the band. It also has a convenient elastic band which fits under her chin to hold it in place while she is playing "sock her."

Mary "Blondie" Lyons will lead the "Bathing Beauties." She will be gowned in a dinner dress of purple and red. It might be worth while to notice Miss Lyons' hat. It is a cross between a football headgear and your last winter's felt. Don't miss this, as it might be just the thing you need to complete your "Big Game" outfit.

The Circus committee has agreed to lend W. A. A. the public address system to announce the game. Dorothy Hart will be there to tell the spectators all about the game and to describe the outfits. Dorothy was going to play, until she lost her mother's scissors. Now her mother can't cut out her new dress for the game.

The fashion show will be held rain or shine.

Dr. Asher: "What demand were you thinking of, Whitney?"

Whitney: "Demand on de flying trapeze."

Sport Flushes

By DAMES SHAMROCK

Reports went home, and went in their respective corners. But the Indians went out on the warpath with the old-time deluge of firewater. What would Amos Alonzo Stagg do? Simple, he'd just throw the whole mess of elevated sophomores out, and replace them with well-deserving upstanding freshmen (or maybe, some sizzling high school stuff). My, my, what are we respectable folks to do? (What would Clarice Dechent do?)

* * * *

After attending the California-Santa Clara game, one is lead to believe that our football games need to undergo radical changes at a very early date. The main event of this particular game, and the one from which the audience derived the most enjoyment, was the brawl immediately following it. This slugfest revealed great future possibilities. What we propose is, that the regular time of the game be cut down in order to provide more time for the real fun, that ammunition (brisks, clubs, vegetables, etc.) be provided with the purchase of each ticket, and that the National Guard be called out to protect interfering police (who took plenty on the lug, last Saturday).

* * * *

Even though California couldn't keep the ball away from their goal line during the game, at least they were successful in keeping their goal posts from being carried home by the wild Broncs after the game.

'WE WANT KING' SAY MALES

HEIGH HO, THE WIND AND THE RAIN

THE GREEKS HAD A PHRASE FOR IT

'Peter Rabbit' Kaufman

Kaufman is so called because of the little "Peter Rabbit" tuft of hair in the front of his head.

'Sing Something Simple'

Have you heard:

The football version of "Just a Gigolo"? "When the end comes, I know, they'll say just to hit him low, while the play goes by without me."

The smart quarterback song, "Over the weak end."

The song the safety sings as he catches a punt, "The end has come, my heart is numb, there's only one thing I'm conscious of . . . "

The song a coach sings when he sees that he has but one good flank man, "My one end only."

The song a tackle hums when he moves over closer to center, "Nearer my guard, to thee."

And, finally, the touchdown song: "After the ball is over."

W. A. A. Explorers Find East Pole

According to the latest news bulletin received concerning the W. A. A. Crew Explorers, Kay Butler, Muriel Barthold, and Alice Bissel, they have found the west passage to the East Pole, and have planted State's colors on this newly claimed territory. The crew will start back for civilization (and peanuts) very soon, and will be greeted at the Ferry Building by a civic committee and Greeter Garbage.

Cockney Queen Makes Simon Simple

The football team was crossing the bay on the way to Santa Rosa to play the Bear Cubs this fall, and some of the boys were having a bite to eat in the restaurant on the ferry boat.

Ralph Simon had ordered a snail, and when it was brought to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then asked the waitress, "Will you heat this for me?"

With a voice that you could hear the bells of Bow Church ringing in, she answered him, "Heat hit yourself, 'Big Boy.' Hi'm not 'ungry!"

The team was playing "carpenter football"—the ends were hammering down the field, and nailing the safety man in his tracks.

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DAIRY DELIVERY GRADE A MILK
CALIFORNIA SPUN BREAD
ENG-SKELL SYRUPS
SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON
BROOKFIELD EGGS AND BUTTER

STAFF BOX

Gettin' Snoopy.....don't be funny
Lookin' for Sumpthing.....it ain't here
Think You'll Find Out.....who wrote this
Some Fun, Huh Kid?.....keep on lookin'
Thieving Journalists.....copped this too
When They Took Your.....reputation

STAFF GONE MAD

Boy, what a break this could be! Just think, to be able to say what you think as you think it about who you're thinking about—instead of the realization of every stalwart journalist. But humor is the very characteristic of the human race instead of getting a rise you make get a foot in the pants.

So we picked on the good eggs at least we trust they're good, we haven't cracked 'em open yet—but if some of this dirt does [illegible] they're shatterproof. The staff has tried in their [illegible] way, very hard to give you a laugh and [illegible] only giggle we'd be happy—if you'll [illegible] and roll over—oh no, you get me [illegible]

The Garbage Can

SOB MISTER—

The [illegible] anyone to comfort [illegible] back and say, "There, there, [illegible] another bottle soon."

No, no one at all. [illegible] alone he stood [illegible] ah yes.

Tears [illegible] and torn [illegible] bottle.

That bottle [illegible] just one, small, [illegible]

Alexander! You [illegible]

FEETSBALL FROLICS—

Girls: female members of the [illegible] stick. Bill (Cupid) Thurston [illegible] who knows all the tricks and [illegible] talking about, we'll tell you.

The town: Chico. Time: Saturday [illegible] ning. Characters: Members of the [illegible] bags, twists, stoves, [illegible] cue . . . Dusty Rhodes [illegible] Thurston draws out [illegible] doll on the chalk. So, you take the [illegible] Ted, you take the bowl [illegible] by storm (and strife).

SINFUL SECRETS—

Famous Remarks—Ralph [illegible] didn't mean a forward pass [illegible]

Hal "Tiger" Bean [illegible] something "unbelievable."

When "Dusty" Rhodes [illegible] all "bald up." (Say, what [illegible] "Dusty's" head would make a [illegible] files, to you.

SMART-BOY WHITNEY—

Always thinking [illegible]

Vernie had to [illegible]

Vern: "A man was [illegible] mind. That, dear professor, [illegible] your chicken until you're finished."

TECHNIQUE OF NECKING—

During the Pre[illegible] and was abused. It [illegible] painful nasal noses. [illegible]

The lawn is [illegible] no bumps to hit and [illegible] love goes on.

Let it be said of us that [illegible] in bringing about the renaissance [illegible]

BATTLE CRIES—

Dogs bark, cats meow, birds cheep and mice squeak [illegible] their man, but the H. (Hard) T. (Tea) G. (Get)'s cry "Kazowie!"

FAMOUS QUOTES—

Once in a while State students say something smart. Here's a few:

Clarice Dechent: "I can't help it if I'm so chaste."

Nadezda Lawrence: "Why don't you do something about it?"

15a budding young journalist: "We're lucky in having a student like Lorraine Baltor in College Theater who can take two or three roles and when she makes a mistake has four or six alibis."

Stanley Sieber: "Mary A. Ward—she's a GOOD SOUL."

Staff: "We don't know *who* the editor is!"

TIGHT—

Some people always have fun. Do you? Some people like to drink; some people even reach the delightful state called "tight." One wobbles, dips, and totters when one tries to dance, the nashty floor won't shtay shtill. One even gets ill when one has too much "fun." At a recent State dance a cute little girl got that way and put the bird all over the place. Maco Woodworth is a nice boy. He held her head and stuck his finger down her throat. (That kinda makes it easier, you know.)

The Somersault

By James Wilburforce Currycomb

MAZIE

A few weeks [illegible] and were a rhapsody [illegible] in the golden [illegible] little [illegible] with her [illegible]

Our New Campus

Teacher Talking

For years [illegible] Well, [illegible] member [illegible] asked [illegible] all the [illegible] [illegible]

COOK'S STOVE Our Campus SPIT & HISS

—and the girls [illegible]
—and the [illegible]

the cigarette that's MILDER
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER

© 1934, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

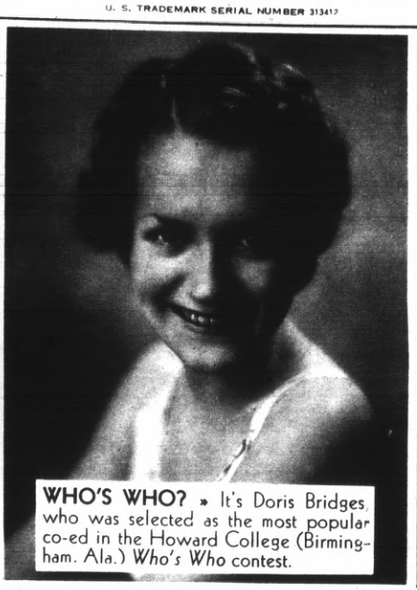
Collegiate Digest

SECTION

"National Collegiate News in Picture and Paragraph"

U. S. TRADEMARK SERIAL NUMBER 313417

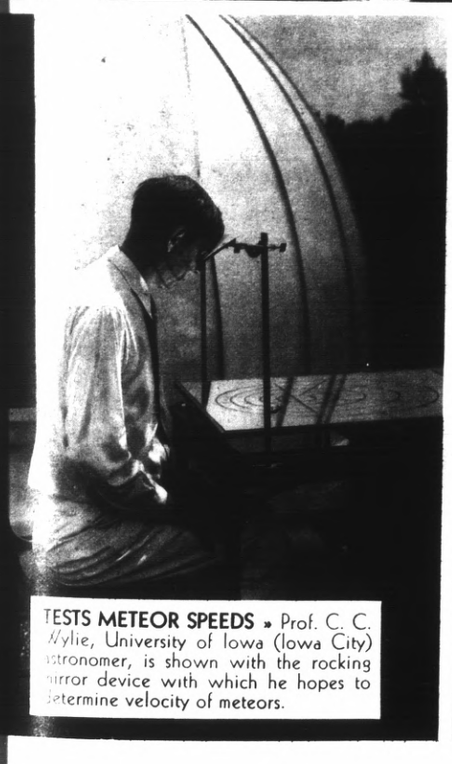
DIRTY WORK » "Red" Abbey, University of Alabama (University) student, surveys a coal tunnel for his mining course.



WHO'S WHO? » It's Doris Bridges, who was selected as the most popular co-ed in the Howard College (Birmingham, Ala.) *Who's Who* contest.

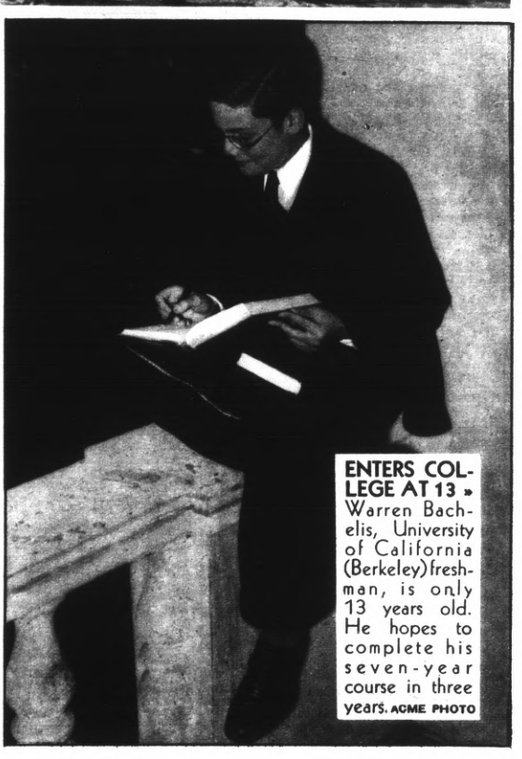
ANOTHER ROOSEVELT AT HARVARD » John Roosevelt, son of the President, registers as a freshman at the Cambridge Mass., university. INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE » It's the Los Angeles Junior College (Calif.) annual mud battle. The sophs won. WIDE WORLD PHOTO



TESTS METEOR SPEEDS » Prof. C. C. Wylie, University of Iowa (Iowa City) astronomer, is shown with the rocking mirror device with which he hopes to determine velocity of meteors.

JAP PRINCE TO PRINCETON » Fumitaka Konoye shown upon his arrival at Princeton University (N. J.) WIDE WORLD PHOTO



ENTERS COLLEGE AT 13 » Warren Bachelis, University of California (Berkeley) freshman, is only 13 years old. He hopes to complete his seven-year course in three years. ACME PHOTO

"Baldy"

A Short Short Story

By G. S. Falk

Norm was too young to have a tragedy. He told himself so as he stood before the mirror in the bathroom.

He was losing his hair. He would soon be "Baldy." The fact, coupled with his fraternity brothers' remarks on the subject, was enough to make any man lose his self respect.

Each morning he counted the hairs that clung to his comb, and each evening he counted the remarks that had been made during the day.

Nights, he tossed on his pillow and mulled over the day's gibes. It was unfair. After all, he wasn't *tearing* his hair out. He was losing it.

Let's leave Norm tossing away and go to the station to meet Patty Martin. Patty is due in on the train and we have to meet her. We have to take a good look at her also, for if Patty had never arrived to attend the annual football dance at the house and, incidentally, visit her sister, there wouldn't be any story.

When Miss Martin stepped off the train, six college boys tumbled over one another in their anxiety to be of service. The baggage man fell off his truck and Patty's sister managed to kiss instead of bite her, although she was wondering if the affair of last summer—the boy really *had* been devoted until he saw Patty—was going to repeat itself . . . .

Now, on with the dance! The "football frolic" held at Norm's house the next night was the most unusual party in the history of the fraternity. There was no stag line. Before the evening was an hour old, the stags had created a kind of snake dance behind Patty Martin.

Apart, Norm Pruitt watched the men cutting in and wished he wasn't becoming bald.

Two or three times as she passed by, Patty Martin looked at him and smiled. Well, why shouldn't she? Most people laughed outright.

Al Howard, author of the dirtiest crack of the week about Norm's baldness, unloosed himself from the mob.

"Why don't you cut in, Egg-Head?" he asked.

Norm looked with longing eyes at the popular Patty. "Beat it," he growled. He tramped disgustedly upstairs to bed.

The next thing he knew, someone was shaking him. It was morning.

"'Phone, Norm," said that someone and disappeared. He crawled out of bed and went to the telephone booth, automatically massaging the top of his head.

"Norm Pruitt?"—a girl's voice—"This is Adele Martin."

"Yeh," said Norm.

"Listen," the voice went on, 'my sister, you know—Patty—well, you hurt her feelings last night."

"I don't see how," Norm began, "I didn't even . . ."

"That's exactly it! You were the only man at the party that didn't ask her to dance . . . She said you were the one person in the house that looked old enough to vote. She likes older men. She said she thought the way your hair receded from your forehead was *too* distinguished . . ."

"Huh?"

"She wants to know if you'll take her to the picnic this afternoon. You'll almost have to, Norm . . . I mean . . . ."

"Sure," said Norm Pruitt. He gulped. "Sure."

He struggled out of the phone booth and started down the hall.

"Hi, Baldy" said Al Howard in passing.

"It may be bald to you, but it's distinguished to some people," said Norm as he rushed to his room to brush as many hairs from his head as possible before two o'clock.

COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section is looking for Short Short stories. Manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. Payment at regular rates upon acceptance. Address: Story Editor, COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section, P. O. Box 472, Madison, Wis.

MIKE WELCH
Alabama Tech
(Auburn, Ala.)

WARREN GAER
Drake University
(Des Moines, Ia.)

QUARTERBACK MOSES
University of Tennessee
(Knoxville, Tenn.)

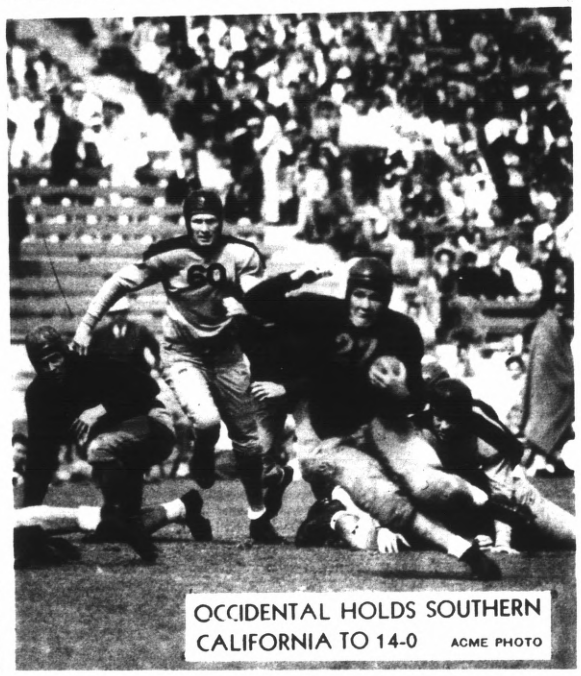
JACK BUCKLER
U. S. Military Academy
(West Point, N. Y.)

DAMON WETZEL
Ohio State University
(Columbus, O.)

TEMPLE DEFEATS V. P. I. 34-0
INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

RUSSELL FISHER
University of Iowa
(Iowa City, Ia.)

GEORGE BUSCH
Creighton University
(Omaha, Neb.)



OCCIDENTAL HOLDS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA TO 14-0 ACME PHOTO

DUANE PURVIS
Purdue University
(Lafayette, Ind.)

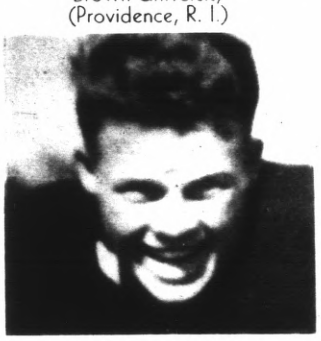
REED KELSO
Indiana University
(Bloomington, Ind.)

STANFORD SWAMPS SAN JOSE STATE, 48-0
KEYSTONE PHOTO

BUTCH LARSON
University of Minnesota
(Minneapolis, Minn.)

R. A. BATCHELDER
Brown University
(Providence, R. I.)

ANGELO ONDER
West Virginia University
(Morgantown, W. Va.)



RED HARRIS
St. Mary's College
(California)

ANGELO CARIDEO
University of Missouri
(Columbia, Mo.)

TOM TOMB
Columbia University
(New York City)

REYMON BONAR
Notre Dame University
(Notre Dame, Ind.)

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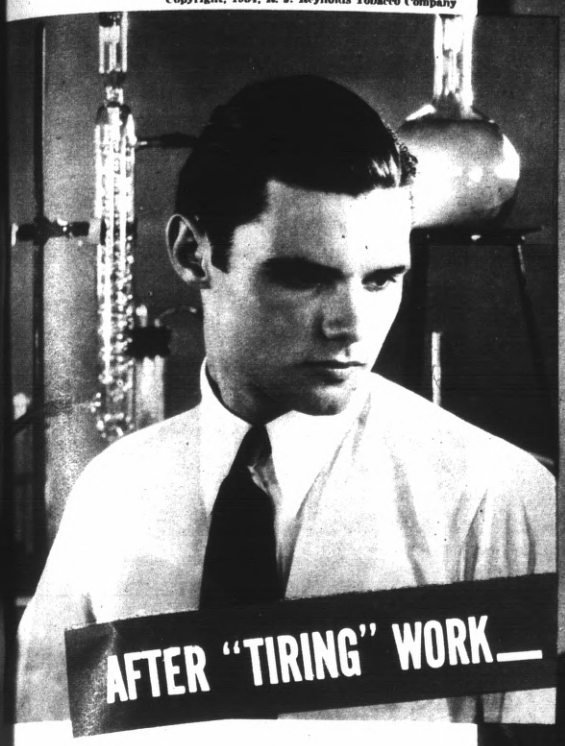
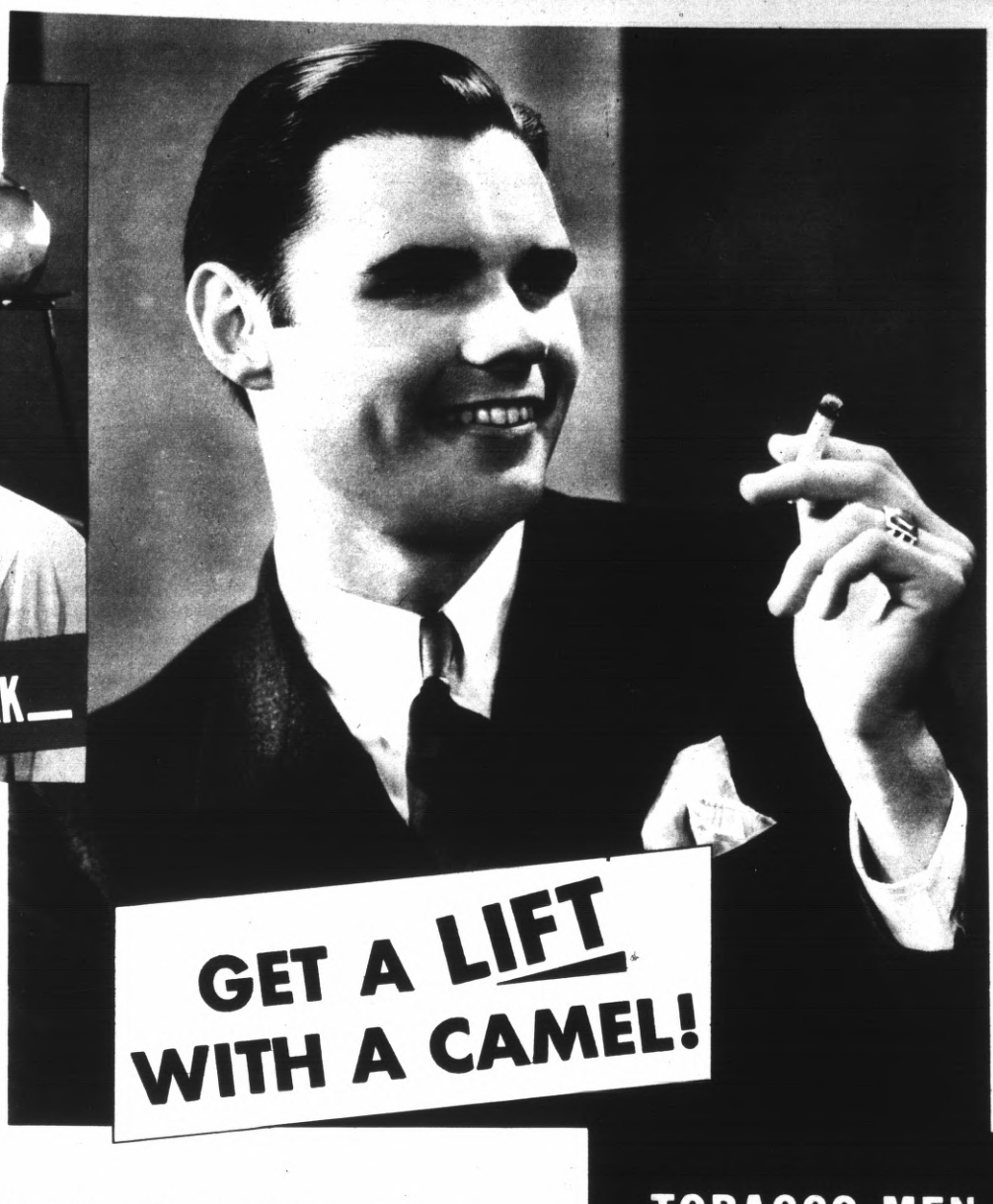


AFTER "TIRING" WORK—

CHARLES STEPHENS, JR. '35—pre-medical. He says: "I've followed the recent scientific investigations which confirm Camel's 'energizing effect.' But I already knew from my own personal experience that Camels lift up my energy and enable me to tackle the next assignment with renewed vigor. It has been definitely established that Camels are a milder cigarette."



GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

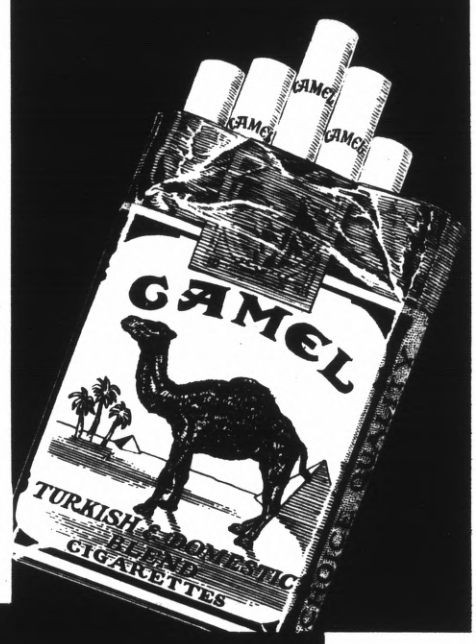
Throw off that tired feeling this quick and enjoyable way! Pull out a Camel—light up—enjoy its rich, pleasing taste. Before many minutes have passed you feel a harmless and delightful renewal of your energy. Join those who are finding a new pleasure in smoking as they "get a lift with a Camel!" Smoke steadily? Of course! Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS, and *do not get on the nerves!*

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, and other Headliners—over WABC-Columbia Network.

TUESDAY, 10 p.m. E.S.T.—9 p.m. C.S.T.—8 p.m. M.S.T.—7 p.m. P.S.T. • THURSDAY, 9 p.m. E.S.T.—8 p.m. C.S.T.—9:30 p.m. M.S.T.—8:30 p.m. P.S.T.

TOBACCO MEN ALL KNOW:

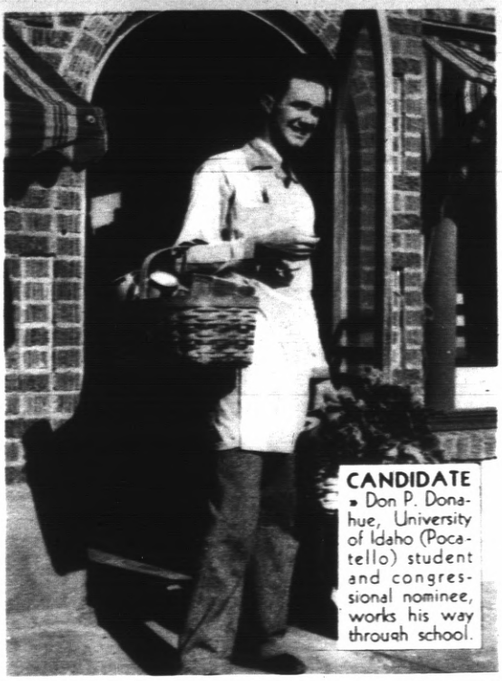
"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



GIRL EXPLORER. Mrs. William LaVarre says: "Any time I'm tired I just stop and smoke a Camel. It wakes up my energy in no time. And here's an important point. Smoking Camels steadily, I find, does not affect one's nerves."

HOCKEY PLAYER. Bill Cook, Captain of the famous New York Rangers, says: "The way I guard my nerves and yet smoke all I want is to smoke only Camels. They have a taste that sure hits the spot. I smoke a lot and I find that Camels never get on my nerves or tire my taste."

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!



CANDIDATE » Don P. Donahue, University of Idaho (Pocatello) student and congressional nominee, works his way through school.

Above

CHARACTER ACTRESS » Selma Young, San Diego State College (Cal.) student, is judged the best actress in Southern California colleges.

Left

AN ALL-TIME HIGH in bridge dancing was set by these University of California (Berkeley) students when they stepped it off atop the Golden Gate bridge. ACME PHOTO

FIRE PARTY » Two nights before this picture was taken fire partially destroyed the Sigma Nu house at University of Southern California (Los Angeles), so the boys called upon Bro. Chick Sale and held a dance.

PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER » Becky Smith, daughter of the president of Elon College (N. C.), is one of the most popular students on the Elon campus.

IT ALL STARTED H e Republica first meeting in this b the Ripon C campus in 18 4.

RAH! RAH! » Ova McCutcheon and Maralyn Hardy are greatly interested in the practice cheering of these Howard College (Birmingham, Ala.) cheerleaders, Campbell Kidd, Francis Wheeler, and Ollie Cobb.

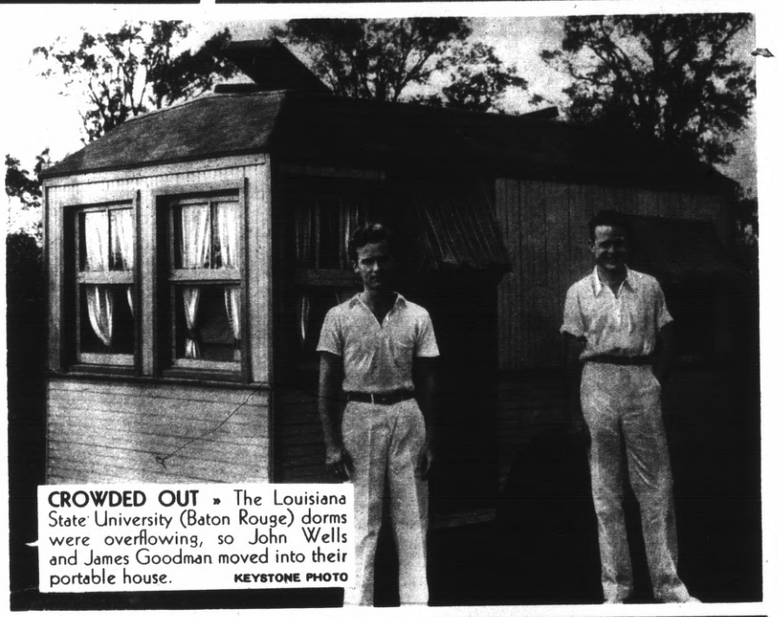
"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, we had a flat tire!" But Sally Gray, University of Iowa (Iowa City) co-ed, needs to make no explanations, for Alice Leighton won't tell.

Above

PEP QUEEN » Grinnell College (Iowa) students elect Harriett Sokol to represent them at Iowa State Teachers' College pep festival.

Left

HOOSIER BEAUTIES » These Indiana University (Bloomington) co-eds are preparing for the Sigma Delta Chi Blanket Hop, held each year to raise funds to buy "I" blankets for graduating athletes.



CROWDED OUT » The Louisiana State University (Baton Rouge) dorms were overflowing, so John Wells and James Goodman moved into their portable house. KEYSTONE PHOTO

ARTED H... e Republicans held their ... this bu... he R...on College (Wis.)

IN DAYS OF OLD » Scene from *Paolo and Francesca* as produced by Drake University (Des Moines, Ia.) players. Waunita Shaw is the lovely lady.

LAW STUDENTS MARRIED » Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Tilson, Jr., pictured after their marriage in New Haven, Conn. Both are Yale University law students. ACME PHOTO

Report Card

By Prof. Metro Ebb Hack

BOOKS

A **A THESAURUS OF SLANG**—compiled by Howard N. Rose (McMillan, $1.75). This is not exactly the reference book to use in writing themes for frosh English, but it's a "lalapaloosa" (collegiate slang, according to the book, for "something out of the ordinary") for anyone who wishes to talk so no one can understand him, aspiring writers, editors and all students interested in the language of contemporary America. The book is divided into fifteen sections and the slang used by aviators, college students, detectives, hoboes, lumberjacks, New Englanders, newspapermen, oil men, railroaders, sea fishermen, participants in sports of all kinds, actors, cowboys and soldiers is nicely tabulated and often plenty explanatory. In addition to being useful, it's good for laughs.

C THE PRESIDENT VANISHES, Anonymous (Farrar & Rhinehart, $2.00). Nothing is too imaginative for this author, "Mr. Anonymous." In this book, the president of the United States is kidnapped half an hour before he is scheduled to make a speech. The whys and wherefores make the story. A highly imaginative yarn written with both eyes on the newspaper headlines and both fingers crossed.

MOVIES

A JUDGE PRIEST—Civil War South. Will Rogers philosophizing. Two sure-fire ingredients mixed with more attention to dialogue and characterization than is usual in Roger's pictures. Result is highly amusing, highly pleasing. Good clean fun for the whole campus.

B THE LAST GENTLEMAN—Wheels within wheels, a picture within a picture—and George Arliss. An old eccentric's son tries to have him proved mentally incompetent by an alienist because he dotes on a few minor things such as a collection of clocks and stuffed peacocks. The old man (Arliss, of course) takes his son's perfidy to heart and goes into a decline. Instead of a death bed scene, the old gentleman speaks his last will and testament on the screen through the medium of a home made talking picture, makes his bequests and gives various members of the family a piece of his mind. (Charlotte—Alice in Wonderland—Henry; Donald Meek).

RADIO

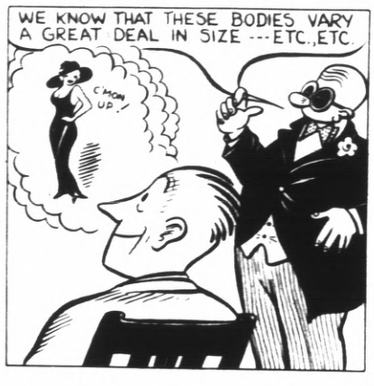
A "LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS" programs have gone collegiate for the time being. Get into the proper spirit for Saturday's game by tuning in on the NBC-WJZ network at 9 PM EST Friday evenings and listening to the "way down deep" baritone make a mythical tour of college campuses. (Leah Ray and the Three Ambassadors).

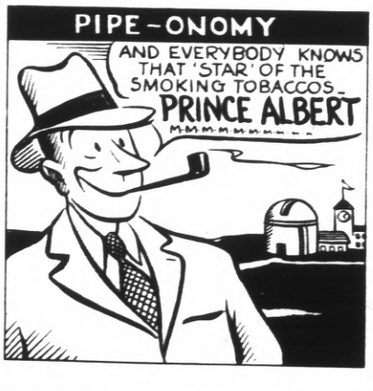
"PROMOTHEUS" BY OROZCO • This famous mural, done in the style of Michael Angelo by Jose Clemente Orozco, hangs in the men's dining hall at Pomona College (Claremont, Cal.) The Mexican artist later gained wide fame for the murals which he created for Dartmouth College (Hanover, N. H.).

R. O. T. C. HEAD • John Stevens recently appointed cadet colonel of the North Carolina State College (Raleigh) military unit.

HEADS ALUMNI • Carl Cunningham is the new alumni secretary of Ohio Wesleyan University (Delaware).

ARMY HONOR CADET • Charles F. Tenk wins Greene memorial sabre as outstanding graduate of 1934 class at U. S. Military Academy. Sigma Nu.





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AFTER EVERY CLASS IT RINGS THE BELL!

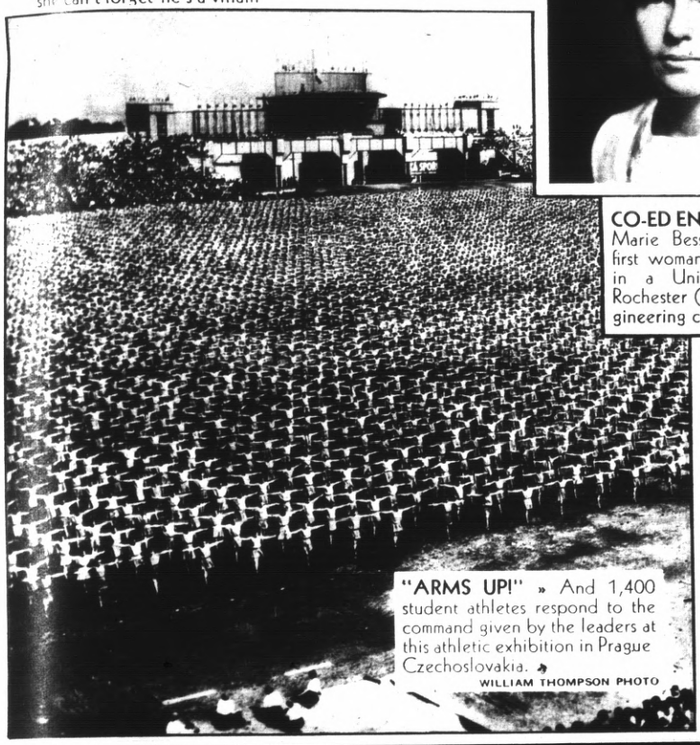
IF YOUR PIPE unkindly bites your tongue, change to Prince Albert. *"P.A." is blended by a special process which removes all trace of "bite."* Try a tin yourself. You will like the mild, mellow flavor of the top-quality tobaccos. You will like its delightful fragrance. Briefly, you will like Prince Albert.

PRINCE ALBERT
—THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

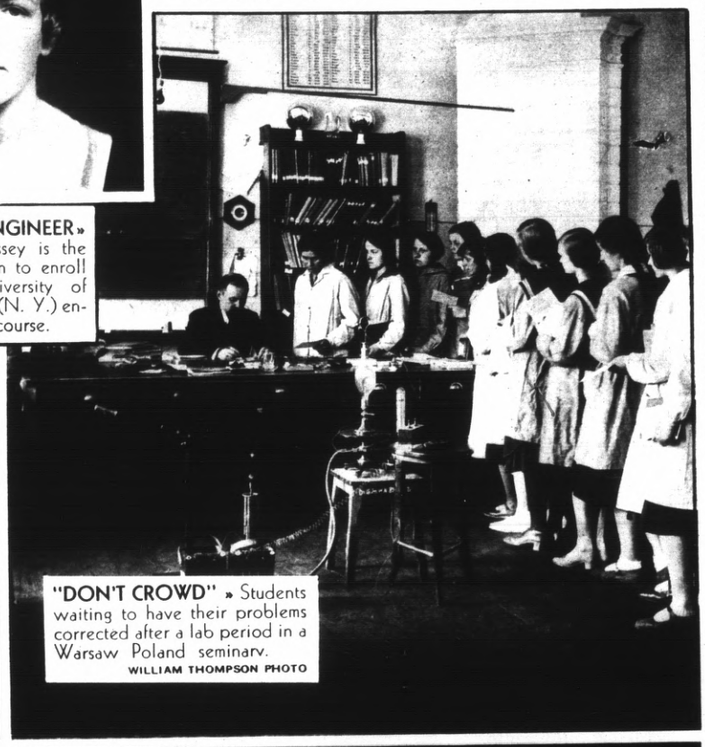
"MY **MOTHER TOLD ME . . .**" » Charlotte Henry gives Henry Kleinbach the cold shoulder. They tell us she can't forget he's a villain

IN DARKEST AFRICA » A schoolhouse at Fumban, Cameroon, West Africa. WILLIAM THOMPSON PHOTO

CO-ED ENGINEER » Marie Bessey is the first woman to enroll in a University of Rochester (N. Y.) engineering course.



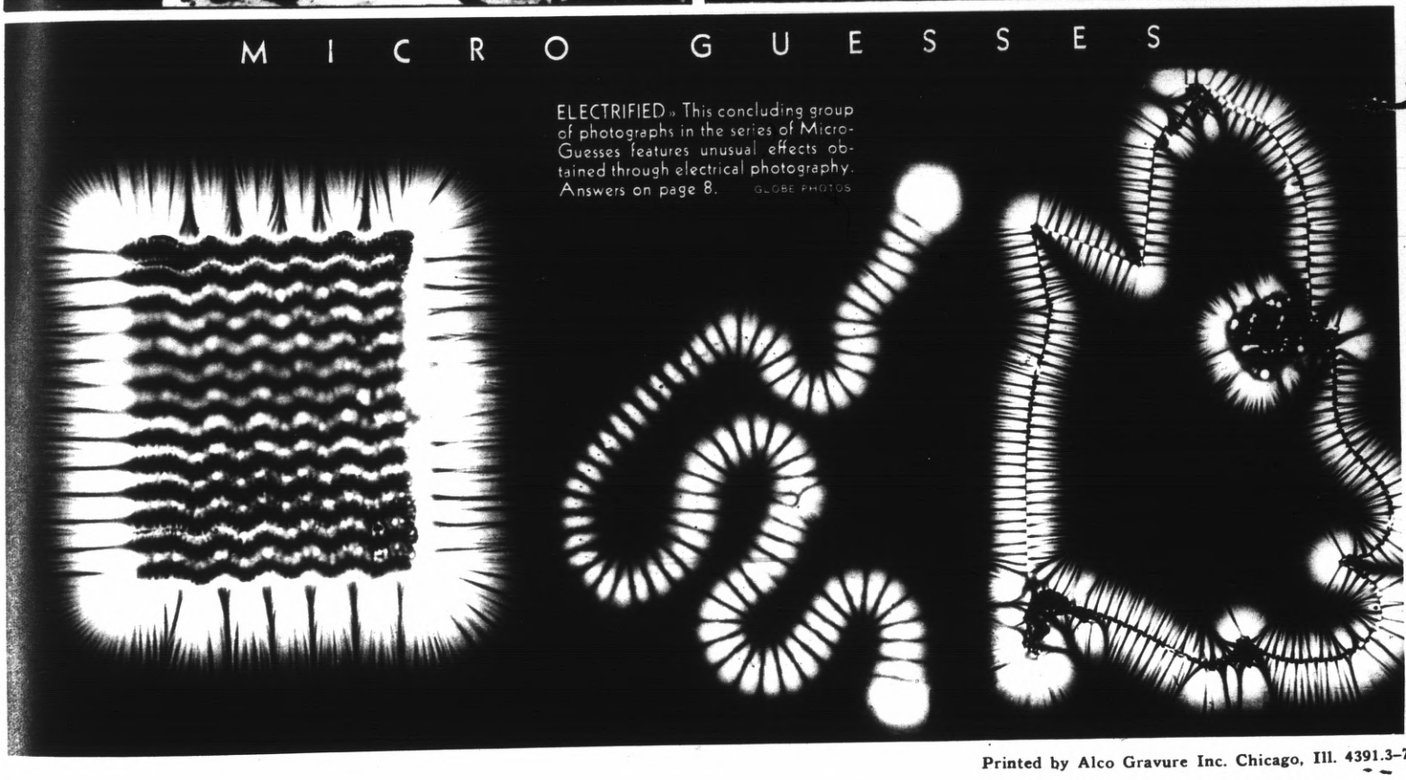
"ARMS UP!" » And 1,400 student athletes respond to the command given by the leaders at this athletic exhibition in Prague Czechoslovakia. WILLIAM THOMPSON PHOTO



"DON'T CROWD" » Students waiting to have their problems corrected after a lab period in a Warsaw Poland seminary. WILLIAM THOMPSON PHOTO

MICRO GUESSES

ELECTRIFIED » This concluding group of photographs in the series of Micro-Guesses features unusual effects obtained through electrical photography. Answers on page 8. GLOBE PHOTOS



Printed by Alco Gravure Inc. Chicago, Ill. 4391.3–7

MICRO-GUESS ANSWERS

LEFT » Belt clasp with 100,000 volts of electricity running through it.

CENTER » Pearl necklace illuminated by 100,000 volts of electricity.

RIGHT » Golden necklace with pendants 150,000 volts.

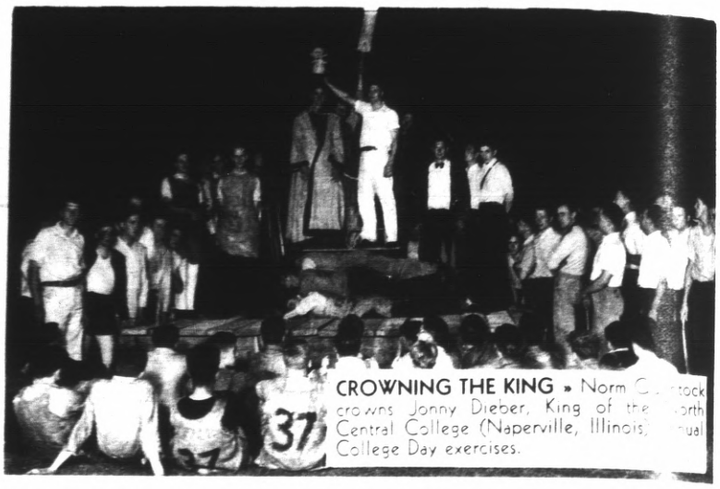
ONE DOLLAR

will be paid to undergraduates for pictures suitable for use in COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section. Pictures not used will not be paid for and no pictures will be returned unless accompanied by return postage. Address: Picture Editor, COLLEGIATE DIGEST SECTION P. O. Box 472, Madison, Wis.

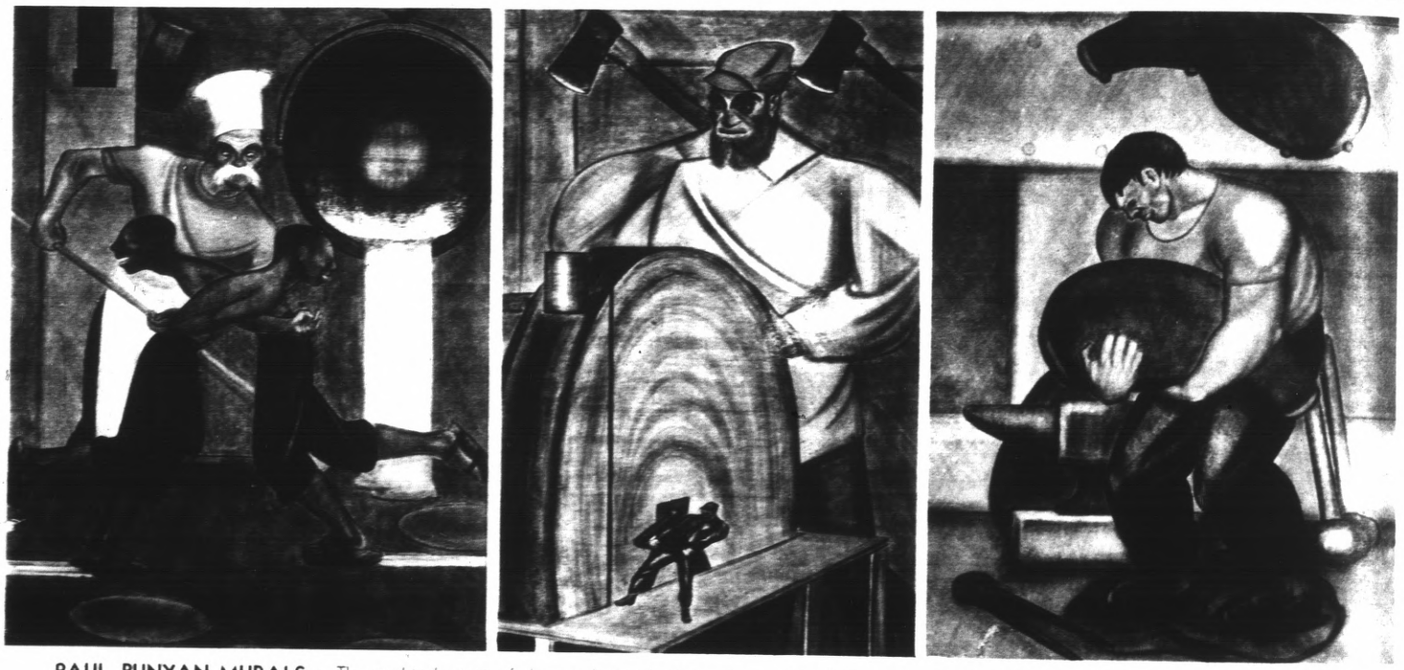
Left

"EIN, ZWEI, DREI, SPIEL" » It's the music of the German band organized by Memphis State Teachers' College (Tenn.) students.

MOUNTAIN SIDE CLASSROOM » Brigham Young University (Provo, Utah) students study beneath the majestic Mount Timpanogos.



CROWNING THE KING » Norm C[illegible]stock crowns Jonny Dieber, King of the North Central College (Naperville, Illinois) [illegible]nual College Day exercises.



PAUL BUNYAN MURALS » The mythical giant of the northwest lumber camps is depicted in this series of murals executed by James Watrous, University of Wisconsin (Madison) graduate student, as a CWA art project. They are hung in the Badger institution's student Memorial Union building. The murals portray several of the more interesting incidents in the life of the owner of the "Blue Ox."

USE PENCIL ONLY—PLEASE PRINT

All American Editor—COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section
P. O. Box 472, Madison, Wis.

Dear Sir:

My selections for the 1934 COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section All American Football Team are:

Ends _____ _____

Tackles _____ _____

Guards _____ _____

Halfbacks _____ _____

Fullback _____ *Center* _____

Quarterback _____ *Captain* _____

_____ (Name) _____ (School)

A Word to The Wise . . .

The "unexpected" may happen in football. Just suppose that some player makes a series of spectacular plays, or some team hits a winning streak toward the end of the season.

And, suppose these things called for a revision of your 1934 COLLEGIATE DIGEST Section ALL AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM selection . . . .

PREPARE FOR THE "UNEXPECTED" . . . .

SAVE THIS COUPON

(Every undergraduate is allowed to vote for one complete team each week if he so desires).